

So I've been off hard drugs for 3 ½ years now. It's about that if not more. A lot of people have it all figured out to the very day in the very minute and I think that makes it a little less permanent, as if someday you're gonna mess up and then you'll have that exact time that you know that you were sober. The time and date and amount of time sober isn't really as important to somebody who is just thinking in terms of never again or forever or... ahem... fuck that shit! Fuck a WHOLE BUNCH of that shit AND its momma... I'm never touching that fucking shit again... and fuck sober time, fuck your dates and your time to the minute... HOW ABOUT NEVER... just say never again... forever... and don't say it to anyone but yourself... Because no one else matters. It's a pact you make with yourself... because that's me. Because it wasn't just dope. It was fentanyl. Fentanyl... and lots of it. And that's how it still is. You will never be able to trust the dope you get again is not fentanyl and not going to kill you. It's just the fact that fentanyl is always going to be the easiest way to make a buck if you're a dealer and if you die from that \*\*\*\* tonight there will be 10 people calling that guy tomorrow wanting to the same \*\*\*\* that killed you!! Fact! And let me just say it for you... fuck that shit! Kari and I lived a crazy life for a while. We worked hard and partied like rock stars. I had a technical job in St Louis and got paid well in cash every day. It was the way I worked. I also sold things on line and made another salary selling the restored musical instruments and vintage amplifiers that I collected and was able to repair.

It wasn't normal, but we weren't normal. We were high functioning addicts and no one knew how bad it was. Until it started to show. And then we tried to put the brakes on. We had gone from doing a little dope when I had my back injury to 7 years later, doing two bags of pure fentanyl IV, every day. Our tolerance was so high, it was a crap shoot every time we used. We weren't worried about getting a "hot hit" anymore. We only did hot hits. We did hits that would kill any other user.

One night our friend that we wrote songs with wanted to try a hit. Just once in his life. We told him it was a bad idea. He promised he would never ask again. Kari looked at me and said "maybe just once?" and I said "don't give him any actual dope. Just use the second wash from the spoon we just used. Any dope will be too much for him."

She agreed and put some water on the spoon she had already used, to get the residue from the hit we had just done. Chris complained that the spoon looked clean and he wasn't even going to get a hit. I told him "best that we start small... there's no margin for error here, and we're doing some crazy shit". When she used it, she put the stuff on the spoon, cooked it with water once, and then added another equal amount of water and rubbed the cotton around the entire spoon and then pulled up the 2nd wash. Chris was going to get the 3rd generation wash from her hit, which was smaller than mine.

Kari drew up the hit that looked just like water and we thought it wouldn't be a big deal, but about ten seconds after she hit him, he smiled a little bit and the smile froze on his face as he fell over with a thud. We thought he was kidding. But I saw his lips becoming blue and hypoxic.

"Call 911 NOW!"

I turned him over and started breathing for him. And she raced back in with the phone talking to the 911 operator. We took turns breathing for him until they arrived, as he had a pulse the whole time. They hit him with Narcan and he came out of it. He never asked to do that again.

"Holy shit, baby. That was diluted about 100 times from what we're doing!"

"I think it's time to stop this shit!" she said.

"Can you imagine how toxic this shit is??"

Not only that, but the cops had been all over our house and we were on the radar now. My landlord was very cool. He had four boys who were all heroin addicts. He had no idea that we were as bad, because we were never late with the rent and we were good friends with him. He was a little curious how I knew so much about the drugs they were on, and I told him I had a pill problem years earlier... which was true! And I found him subs to give to his kids to give them a fighting chance. I told him, though, that the likelihood would be he would have to find them separate rehabs, that they would have to be separated and brought back one at a time. And even then he would be in for an uphill battle.

Kari got busted in 2009 for writing 275 fake scripts over 2 or 3 years (275!?!?). Her folks were well-off and they got her off with drug court and a single felony count for writing fake scripts. We had gone from being very close to me keeping my distance as she went off the rails. I talked to her, but only saw her once in a while. I was dating other women at this time, when she called me up after she got busted.

It was months since I'd heard from her and my band was very busy, and I had started to forget this chapter of my life again. The girl I almost loved so many times... the one that got away... the one that got lost and never found her way back. Accepting that there wasn't anything I could do. And then a familiar number came on my screen. It took me a minute to register who it was...

It was Kari. And she sounded so different. She sounded like... like the awkward and shy, almost nerdy, tomboy that I had met years ago. Over 5 years had passed. And she was back... She had been busted. They caught her forging prescriptions, something like 200 separate offenses... and she was sent to forced rehab and drug court. She was on probation and couldn't leave her house. Her parents had moved her to the bunkhouse on their property. We talked for a very long time and she told me she was sorry for everything that had happened. That she wasn't in the hospital. Her mother was covering for her. That she barely remembered the last few years of her life and she was ashamed of what had happened. That I had been there for her the whole time. A lover and a friend. She truly liked me and valued my company and she was thinking clearly for the first time in years. None of her friends wanted to just hang out without taking drugs and she needed a real friend. She asked if could I be her friend? I told her of course. She asked me "can we do something fun and record some songs together? I got a copy of pro-tools like you have and have a small studio here in the bunkhouse... I've been recording, but you know so much more about it, and you can play all the instruments... what do you think?"

I was genuinely excited. I had no idea what we would come up with musically, but I had missed her. I had really missed the girl I remembered. I mean... I loved her voice and thought we had potential as musicians, but I had worked with so many singers and artists that just couldn't get it together when they recorded... but I had a feeling with her. And I knew she was a good person underneath all the shit she put us both through. And being her friend kind of felt like a step backward, but her sobriety a HUGE step forward... there was no way I could let her be alone in this time... she needed me and I was going to be her sober sponsor... I was going to be a good man and we were going to make some great music... I was pretty sure of all of that.

She had put on a few pounds in rehab. She told me the food there was different. That they put something in it that just made you hungry or something and they were always giving you too much of it, because so many of the people that were there had been unhealthy and needed to eat. She was still gorgeous, even though her impossibly sexy figure from her youth was gone, she was so well endowed that a few extra pounds still looked good on her, and even though her face was slightly more chubby than before, she was still amazing, and her enormous indigo eyes shone with new animation and clarity. I was full of longing for this person that I was "just friends" with. But I did my best.

I came over and had brought a six pack of Bud Light Lime... even though she had stopped drinking it, I still did.

She said "What is THAT?!"

I looked sheepish...

"can you please take those somewhere. I can't do anything. I can't drink or anything. If you can't hang out with me and be completely sober, I think this is a mistake."

I apologized, sincerely. I told her I didn't know and was sorry I brought them and put the beer back in my truck. She forgave me. It wasn't a huge deal, but she wanted me to be as sober as she was, even if I didn't have much choice or control over her for all those years...

She had a beat track programmed and some lyrics. She asked me to collaborate and I came up with some good lines. She was making an outline for the song... it was about a woman who had done too many drugs and was out of control and killed her boyfriend, but has no idea what she did... and all of these things come out in the verses, but there was no chorus... She was thinking that the chorus should be something positive, to counter the verses about her being basically nuts and psychotic. She played some of the ideas for the chorus melody, singing "da-da-da" in place of the words... in my head "da da da" started to take shape as "Better now"... I looked at her and sang

"I'm better now"

and she grabbed her pen...

“yea! That’s it!” she said with a smile...

I furrowed my brow and sang “I’m better now... um... At least that’s how I feel... OH! I have no... wait... I have FEWER friends, but I know that they’re all REAL... LOL”

“hahahah”

...and she improvised “I’m better now, they say I’m doing fine, if I could just convince them it’s just me inside my miiind!”

“YES!”

“yep, that’s it!”

Kari And Sean (Our First Song Written Together) Better Now 2009

<https://ia803009.us.archive.org/24/items/KariAndSeanBetterNow/Kari%20And%20Sean%20-%20Better%20Now.mp3>

So later after we had recorded and mixed the song, we hung out and talked for a bit, both laying in her bed, relaxing as friends who had a history, but were still close... And I said I was really glad that she faced up to being an addict and was getting better. I was genuinely happy for her, as I had feared the worst for so long. I didn’t notice her expression changing.

She looked at me, visibly hurt. “did you just call me a drug addict??!?”

“Well... um... yea? I mean isn’t that the first step? I mean-”

“can you please just leave”.

“really?”

“please...”

“ok... I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to insult you. I came here to be clean and sober with you... you have to know that you did have a problem... and...”

She had turned away and was silent and I felt awkward. So I left.

Two months went by.

And again I wondered what would come of this strange and beautiful creature... if I would ever see her again. I tried to not let it bother me... but she was the most peculiar case. Why can’t she just be easy on me?

I finally heard from Kari after our first writing and recording session. I was relieved. I never knew if I had seen the last of her... She was truly someone I valued in my life, though it was hard to rely on her for anything. She apologized for the last time we were together. She said I was right and she hadn’t faced the fact that she was an addict, but for some reason when I said it, she knew it was true, but it upset her. She didn’t want to acknowledge that she had a problem... in her mind the problem was that she had been CAUGHT... not that the problem was her... that SHE had a problem. And she had done something wrong. It was something she admitted to me

and her probation officer... and the judge that was deciding her future at the time. She became good friends with her officer and talked to her frequently, usually once a month, and to a lesser but similar extent, the judge from her drug court. They both new her and through the years, thought the world of her and hoped she would find fame and fortune as the bright star that she was. But back then, in 2010, she finally agreed. She was an addict. I saw her probation officer at Kari's funeral. I had heard about Kari's and her unlikely friendship over the years and she had heard about me. More evidence of the wonderful person she was and her need for "real" friends. She touched so many people, even in the most unlikely situations. She told me she loved Kari and was shocked and saddened by her demise. A lot of people were.

She wanted to know if we were still friends. I told her it was never an issue and her mood brightened. She said she had some new song ideas and needed me to help. So I came back to the bunkhouse and recorded song after song after song... content, for the moment, as friends and nothing more.

She said she had been thinking a lot about why she used drugs so much. She really was trying to figure it all out. She said that she never lost control before Ned died... but his death put her over the edge and she started doing them for the escape. That the reality of things was so bad... the grief. I wondered again, why after so many years it had gotten so bad.

She wanted to do a song that dealt with her drug use and recovery. She was finally in recovery mode. She worried that she had done so much damage to her brain already... We cooked up some music and the lyrics came out easy "Bad Damage" was the song. And it became one in a series of songs that dealt with drug use and recovery.

About three songs into this cycle, she called me up and asked if I was coming over that night. I said I was planning on it. She said "cool... do you think that later on, after we're done making another awesome song... we could... you know... DO IT"...

"do it? do what?" She could tell I was talking through a big smile... "OH... you mean have sex?"

"yea, DO. IT."

"um yea, sure..ok, but who says that? Do it? I mean are you FOURTEEN? I think I may need to see some ID..."

"stop it"

"I mean yea... we could MAAKE LOOOVE"

"stop"

"zee beast with two backs... mmm yes"

"I changed my mind, I don't wanna do it"

"oh baby, less doo eet!"

“STOP IT”

So yea... and that's how we started back up again... “doing it”

Sean And Kari (Music video made by Kari for her NA group) Bad Damage. 2009

[https://youtu.be/2isJf\\_yIOks](https://youtu.be/2isJf_yIOks)

And a few songs later, and a few “doin’- it” sessions later, some at her house and some at mine. She disappeared again.

I heard from her a a month down the line... she again apologized and told me she had been seeing this guy, who she really liked. That he just kind of pushed his way into her life. She said he was just a distraction. She wanted to see me and do a recording.

I didn't know how to take it. I had just started to take her seriously again. I wondered what I was to her. But I was still dating other girls and she knew it... so I couldn't really say anything.

I showed up to her house in the early evening and she had the recording gear out. She said “You wanna hear something funny?”

I said “sure!”

“It's a song Tony wrote for me. You have nothing to worry about, by the way! He's horrible!”

I felt bad, though. I hadn't really ever written her a song. I wondered when I could have ever done it? When were we ever serious enough that I would have the chance to write her one? And what would it say? I secretly love you and would like you to stop screwing up our relationship long enough so I can decide if we will ever have a future? Not very lyrical... OR romantic!

She started the recording and I heard the dudes' voice.

“I love you Kari”... ugh... what the fuck... and in the background I heard “I love you Tony”... and my heart sank. Then the song started. It was horrid. I could have written her a better song the night we met. I could have made up a better one on the spot. I could have grunted a better song while we were DOIN IT!

It was trite, badly written... badly sung... he was indeed horrible. Nothing to worry about there... but the way the song started... it got to me. I must have looked like I saw a ghost.

As the song played, I listened and my mind was racing. So that's it. She just brought me here to tell me she's in love with this guy. I lost my chance. She found someone and she's going to put me back in the friend zone. What could I have done? She was a train wreck until recently. I just wanted a few weeks of normal before I decided if I-...

“So you see!? He's terrible! Hey... are you ok?”

"Um... yea."

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing... I just... I feel bad I never wrote you a song... and..."

"You're upset about the beginning, aren't you?"

"You said you loved him..."

"Sean! You know me! I just met the guy! He's so pushy. I couldn't not say it... he would have freaked out. You know me! I don't love anyone!"

"You loved Ned"...

"Yea... I did... But Ned died... and that part of me died. So you're really upset?"

"Yea... what do you think? We've known each other for years and I hear this guy telling you he loves you after a few weeks... I've been your friend, your lover... I've saved your life... I.. ugh... I'm sorry. Let's just have fun. I shouldn't let it bother me."

"Maybe I should be the one that's bothered Sean. I'm sorry. I forget you're not like me. You're not damaged like me. You feel things more. I just got my feelings back... and I gotta tell you they're overrated!"

"I don't think they are"...

"You're a sweetheart, that's why. Tell you what. Let's do this song, and we'll have a night like we used to have. This guy means nothing to me. You mean ten times what he does. He just flattered me. He's a good looking guy! And he was very persuasive! Downright pushy!"

"Please! You're killing me!"

"Ah! Sorry... come on. Tonight is just for us. You deserve it!"

We started working on a song like the other ones, about her recovery from drugs, she had some ideas, but the lyrics were coming slow and they sounded trite. "I seem to have an addiction" hmm... I told her "since this is my night, can we do something sexy? Something rockin?"

"You're still jealous about that song, aren't you?"

"Yea... a little. I want to write a song about us. I feel bad that I never wrote you one. Maybe we can write one. Maybe you could have an addiction to ME!"

"That's pretty cool. People have sex addictions... and we do rock THAT!"

"Baby-baby, you KNOW how to rock it!"

She wrote that down... "Keep goin! I have 'I seem to have an addiction to you, baby baby, you know how to rock it"

"Haha... so we're going to do a song about drugs, but I get to be the drug?"

"Sure! Why not?? Sex, drugs and rock n roll... all in one song! Has that been done?"

I thought about it. "uhh.. umm.. no?? no!"

She sang, "I seem to have an addiction to you, your loves in my brain and there's nothing I can do!"

"VEINS! You're love's in my VEINS!!"

"See!? This is why I do this with you! No one's ever written THAT before!"

"Nope... that's hot!... and nasty!... I can't wait to SHOOT you up!"

"Hahahah... Mister Sean! That's pretty hot!"

"We're making lyrics... it's allowed!"

"You never talk dirty! You should do that more!"

"Well... I would do it more, if we saw each other more"...

"Fair enough. We'll start seeing each other more. I miss you. I do. I guess I didn't know you were a normal guy. I thought you were too cool to have needs..."

"Only fools have needs! But this one never begs!"

"OOH!... writing that down..."

"That's actually a lyric by Pete Townsend... But let me think about us... OH!... I don't wanna close my eyes, I know when I wake up, you'll be gone"

"Aww... that IS me... It's true... hmm... how bout You run your hand down my thigh, feels so right it must be wrong!"

"GREAT!... What else do I do?"

"Hmm... OH! When you open your mouth,... poetry comes out, and I'm fallin for every line!"

"That's so hot, baby!"

"A hot mess! haha"

"We're just a hot mess!"

"YEA! We're just a hot mess, but together we... DO JUST FINE!"

"And then the CHORUS... That's good for a start. Let's put down the chords and we'll write the rest when we get a scratch track down. I'm excited! This is gonna rock!"

"Can we do this one heavy?? I mean... we've done everything else. Let's do something heavy... raunchy... HARD! Like almost METAL!"

"I'm way ahead of you!"



We knocked the track out in record time. I laid down the drums, then the bass, then the guitar... it was all the basic guitar riffs and drum riffs I learned when I first started guitar, but it had that sound... that perfect head banging quality that those obvious chord changes have... and it seemed to write itself. She watched me assemble the heavy track and she sang her GUTS out, so hard that the microphone distorted when we recorded it. I heard it and made a face. "I sang it too loud! It fuzzed the microphone out! AW DAMN!" "I don't care. It works. It's perfect. That little distortion in your voice works... I don't want to change it!"

"So we're done?" she asked... looking excited.

"Yea... I'll mix it later."

By the time I had finished the words she had jumped on me full force and straddled me on the couch, kneeling over me, her head over mine, her breasts in my face... she pushed them into my face and rocked my head back.

"Whoa! Someone's all hot and bothered!"

"I like this song! I want to live inside this song... now!"

I stood up with her, holding her legs while she straddled me... and walked her into the bedroom... and tossed her onto the bed... she landed on all fours and crawled towards me with a look of pure ornery lust, she was smiling, but she could have been bearing her fangs... raised up on her knees and put my hand under her skirt.

"Oh my god."

"Yea... you do that to me."

Kari and Sean - Addiction (some more of you) 2010

<https://archive.org/download/personally-post-2017-1/Kari%20and%20Sean%20%20-%20Some%20More%20Of%20You%20FINAL%20.mp3>

It was a night we never forgot. It was perfect. We did one of our best songs and had one of our best and sexiest time ever. I was concerned when I didn't hear from her for over a week after that, though.

My days were filled with daydreams of her and our playful night... our music and the fact that we did great things... and we lived them. This could be a great life. She had the makings of someone I would never get tired of. The way we fit together in so many ways... so perfect. I wondered why she hadn't called me. But she frustrated me a lot. I tried her, but didn't get answer.

Finally two weeks later, she called me.

"Hello?"

"Sean?"

"Yea baby. You ok?"

"ooh... well, not exactly."

"What's wrong?"

"Well... Tony..."

"oh...?"

"Well... I'm sorry. I meant to call you sooner. Tony was so crazy and intense. I mean... he was so into me. I didn't know what to do. He just sort of came over and he was being so sweet."

"Baby... what are you saying?"

"I just never had a guy that intense before. I didn't know what to do."

"Yea? So?"

"He brought me flowers and was so sweet. And he would get jealous if I even looked at another guy. I liked it at first, but then it started to scare me. And he just started coming over all the time."

"Ok"

"He just kind of started staying with me. And I was kind of swept up in the whole thing... and then I kind of felt trapped. But I didn't know what to do."

"Are you saying you're getting serious with him?"

"I thought I was for about five minutes. He was going to put a different guitar part on the song he did and our song was on the computer. He played it. He wanted to know what it was. I told him it was a surprise. Because he saw the date on it."

"You told him our song was for him?"

"I'm sorry, Sean. I didn't know what to do. He's so jealous."

"I see..."

"And then he asked me who did the guitar and the drums and the bass... I told him I programmed it all. And he didn't believe me."

"What happened?"

"He beat me. With a baseball bat. And raped me. He kept me captive for about 8 hours and then he beat me again and I got away..."

"OH BABY!"

"I'm ok! I'm OK! My parents came after him with a shotgun. He's in jail now."

"You're ok??"

"ooh... well, not exactly. I had a torn cornea and needed surgery. I had a concussion and other things... but I just got out of the hospital."

"awww baby!"

"Can you come see me?"

Sure baby. I'll be over in an hour.

"Thank you, Sean. I'm Sorry..."

"Don't be sorry... you're my angel. You'll be fine. I'll see you as soon as I can get there"

"OK. Thank you, Sean"

I sped over as quick as I could. She opened the door for me before I got to it. And I hugged her.

"ow"

"Oh! I'm sorry!"

"It's ok. I'm so glad to see you!"

"I'm glad to see you! Your poor eye!"

Her eye was already partially healed, but showed reddish discolor and was a little misshapen... my heart was beating out of my chest.

"I can't believe it!"

"It's ok, Sean. I was stupid for letting it happen."

"Baby, it's not your fault!"

"It kind of is. I knew he was a little crazy. I shouldn't have let it go on so long."

"Sweety. I'm so sorry"

"It's ok, Sean! It's over. I just want to forget it. I'm just glad to see you."

She was talking very calmly. Like she was trying to ease my worry.

"So are you gonna be ok?"

"I'm fine! My eye is a little messed up. I will probably get most of my vision back, but for now, it's really fuzzy"

"Oh baby!!"

"It's ok! Come here! I missed you!"

I came to her and held her.

"This was just a dumb mistake, and he'll be in prison for a long time, they said. I have to testify, but I don't mind. What an asshole."

"I can't believe you're so casual about all of it."

"What can I do, Sean? I lived. I should have just told him I wasn't interested, and broke up. He was such a sweet talker though. And intense. I guess crazy is the

word. But let's not talk about it anymore. I've been thinking about the last time you were here so much."

"Yea... I have too. That was probably our best night so far!"

"It was. Wanna relive it?"

"You mean now?"

"Of course!"

"I-...I... I wouldn't think you would want to be touched after that?"

"Sean... it wasn't all that. I mean, yea, he raped me and beat me, but we were already having sex. I mean... it wasn't fun! But it wasn't that kind of trauma that people talk about. He wasn't a stranger. Let's just say he was the worst lay ever, and his foreplay SUCKED!"

"You're something else... baby. I can't believe you... Are you sure?"

"I'm sure. You've never hurt me. You've never scared me. You're gentle and you've got a pure heart. I know there are evil bastards in the world. I'm not surprised. I kind of go for bad boys for some reason. You, being the exception. I got off lucky. He's the one that's gonna get raped! hahah. You know what they do to rapists in jail?"

"huh... yea."

"Just be gentle with me. I'm a little sore"

I wanted to cry. I could feel the tears coming... but I pushed them back. If she was ok, I could be... but I think I was more traumatized than her... or at least it seemed like that. Tony got ten years. She showed up and testified in court and went back each parole hearing to make sure he stayed as long as the sentence, but he eventually was released after 8 and did the same thing to another girl two months out of prison. He's went back and Kari testified again with the girl who he raped the second time and he's in for a long time now, to this very day and for years to come.

I was blown away by Kari's toughness. Her ability to compartmentalize her pain and trauma. I made soft love to her that night and held her for hours. I wanted to tell her that I loved her. But I didn't. I never knew if that was what she wanted. I think she knew. She had to. She called me her music man. And I called her my songbird. I wondered what life would bring to us. If she would be ok. If she would love me. If she would let me love her. If she would break my heart. Sometimes I wondered if she even knew what she was doing. But I guess I would be around for whatever she decided. I loved her. There was no denying it. But I wasn't ready to tell her.

We saw each other steadily for a while and it felt nice. We were hanging out one night and she told me another guy had hit on her at the same gas station that she met Tony at. She asked "What is it about me?" "Well, for starters, you're breathing!" "Haha... but seriously?"

"You're very pretty, baby. Your devastatingly pretty. And you have this vulnerability. You're approachable. You're catnip to me. You turned me on the first time I saw you, and that rarely ever happens to me." "So I'm a dude magnet!"

"You're a fucking PSYCHO magnet, apparently!"

"Haha... you're not a psycho!"

"Yea, but how many others were?"

"Yea... pretty much all of them."

"You're just a PSYCHO MAGNET!!" I sung...

She looked at me... hearing what I just heard.

"Are you thinking wha-"

"YES!"

We were driving from my house to hers. She had stayed with me the nite before and we were headed back, and hours trip. By the time we got back to her place we had the lyrics written out and I was playing the beat on the steering wheel as we drove, giving it my interpretation of a techno beat. She programmed some keyboard sounds and we worked out the song structure and a few hours later... another great song that we lived. And another frenzied night of sex and intensity with my beautiful, sober, talented girl. It was 2011 now and our lives were growing together. There was no hurry, though. We weren't going anywhere and I didn't want to rush her. Maybe we both had some things to figure out. But for now, we were living a wonderful love affair set to our own amazing soundtrack. One that I was pretty sure the world would know some day. The stories behind everything were real and our lives were nothing short of interesting... if not a little insane. I loved her. She knew that. Surely.

Kari And Sean - Psycho Magnet (2011)

<https://archive.org/download/PsycoMagnetWGuitar/Psyco%20Magnet%20w%20guitar.mp3>